



"IN DUMB SIGNIFICANTS PROCLAIM YOUR THOUGHTS."—SHAKESPEARE.

Vol. VI.

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 15, 1876.

No. 8.

*A CHILD'S FANCY.*

[THE following is a true incident which occurred upon the occasion of a "children's excursion" from the city to the country.]

OUT from the grimy courts and narrow alleys,  
The hapless children came;  
Hungry for country sighs that yet to them were only  
The mockery of a name  
Their weary little feet have never pressed white daisies  
Nor held to dimpled face  
The dainty buttercup, to catch the bright reflection  
Warm from the sun's embrace.  
  
Nor ever have they searched for four-leave clovers,  
Nor picked the violets blue,  
Among the meadow grass and graceful fern leaves  
Bending with pearls of dew  
Look at those haggard, wan, unchildlike features,  
Touched with the mark of sin;  
Those tiny, worn, old-looking human creatures  
With cheeks so pale and thin.  
  
This strange, sad crowd by kindlyhands was gathered,  
For a brief holiday—  
Far from the city's hum of trade and noise of bustle  
To where the river lay.  
Some laughed aloud with glee, chasing each other  
O'er the green grass;  
Others gazed silently, in wistful wonder watching  
Cloud-shadows pass.  
  
Suddenly, near a laughing group of children,  
Floated a butterfly,  
Whose gorgeous colors and light, airy motion,  
Charmed every eye.  
Nothing like this had ever crossed their vision;  
What could it be?  
One ventured this, another that suggestion,  
Till suddenly  
  
Out spoke a little girl, clear-voiced and earnest,  
"Oh, I can tell,  
*It is a flower broke loose!*" and then upon them  
A sudden silence fell.  
The stranger who had heard the child's sweet fancy,  
Turning unseen away—  
Whispered "the children's Free Excursion, has proved truly  
A blessed holiday."—*Christian at Work.*

*THE OUTCAST.*

I WAS walking down Cathedral street, Baltimore, one cold and dreary winter's day; even I had a hard time to get along facing that bearing, cutting wind. As I neared the crossing of the street, I came suddenly upon two little wee outcast children—a boy and a girl.

"Please don't cry, Lee," the boy said, and he put his protecting arm around the little child, "the Good Man will take care of us, sister." And you could see by the way she caught her pretty red lips between her teeth that she was trying hard to choke back the bitter sobs.

These little creatures were too busy with their own big sorrows to notice me, and turned the corner of the street quietly and passed on. And I stood and looked after them, wondering what could be the matter, although a little plain thinking on my part would have made it all very clear; poverty was stinging their young hearts.

A few weeks after all this, I went down to the City Bank to get some money, and left there with three hundred dollars in my pocket-book; and when I reached home I put my hand in my pocket to find the book gone and the money gone; and therefore my confusion was very great. I made every effort to find it, and after some two weeks gave it up as hopeless.

One evening about dusk the servant tapped at my door, and said, "Two children down stairs to see you, Miss."

"What name did they say, and what do they want?" I asked.  
"They did not tell me anything!" she answered.

"Then say I am much engaged this evening," I replied, and then turning to my book which was bright and full of interest.

"Please, Miss, the boy says he does so want to see you," the girl came back and poked her head in the door and said.

"I thought you understood me. I see no one this evening," I said impatiently. Then I was left to myself for awhile.

At least one hour after this two or three bold raps at my door made me say quickly "Come in!" and I expected to see my brother Roger, and I was not disappointed.

"Why, Belle, do you know how cold it is?" was his greeting.

"I feel very comfortable here," I replied.

"No doubt you do, but do you suppose it's as comfortable out in the bitter cold of this night, Belle?"

"I am sure I have no time to think about it," I answered carelessly.

"Then, at least, I hope you have feeling enough not to keep these two children waiting your movements," and there seemed so much grief in my brother's tone of voice that I looked up quickly and asked:

"What children, Roger?"

"You ought to know best; they say they have been waiting a long time to see you. When I came home I found them sitting on the cold marble steps actually shaking and they were almost purple with the cold. I spoke to them and asked why they were sitting there in the cold, and the boy said he must see Miss Belle Clifton."

"I know nothing about the children, Roger. It's wonderful if I must be annoyed by those I do not know."

Roger said not a word, but turned and left the room, and some few minutes after he opened the door and ushered in the strange children. I looked up; the book dropped from my hand, and it did seem as if I had lost all power to speak or act. I knew the children at once—Lee and her brother stood before me, certainly the last two on earth I expected to see here.

Roger led them up before the glowing grate that they might get a little feeling in their numbed limbs, and lifted the little Lee and seated her on the soft cushions of a chair; then made the boy

comfortable, for his suffering had made him insensible to everything else. They looked so pitiful that I was truly grieved and ashamed that I could have been so insensible to the feeling of any human being. It was furthest from my thoughts that these two children would come hunting me up, but I might have remembered that others might come whose suffering was just as great.

I arose and stood near them. "My children, I am Miss Belle Clifton; will you let me do anything for you?"

The boy started, as if for the first time conscious of my presence. He looked up in my face very earnestly, then went eagerly to work to untie a huge knot which held a great string around his body, then he pulled open his ragged jacket and exposed his bare limbs, for there right next to his heart lay my beautiful pocket book. He took it out and held it up to me, and I couldn't help knowing it for there was my name, if nothing else, to tell me it was mine, written on the outside in gilt letters—Miss Belle Clifton.

I took it in my hand and turned it over and over, then handed it to Roger, who was standing near. It looked just as it did on the morning I put it in my pocket, and I could almost imagine it had not been opened since. Roger opened it, and there was the same three hundred dollars I had laid away so carefully while at the Bank, and everything else was there even to the last penny.

"We found it, lady, one morning a long time ago. We didn't know what to do with it; we knew it wan't ours.

"I kept it here day and night," and he laid his hand upon his heart. "We were so afraid somebody would take it away from us. To-day, Lee and me, we stood on the side of the street where the sun was so warm, then a boy come along with his arms just piled full, and he fell and the things went everywhere, and then Lee and me helped him to pick them up; and he told us to come along, and he talked with us and he brought us right here; then he say these things 'long to Miss Belle Clifton."

"Lee and me had said that name over so often, 'cause I spelt it on that, and I knew it at once. Then I say, 'Miss Belle Clifton—do she live here?' He said she do. Then after he had gone away we rang the same bell, and say, 'Do Miss Belle Clifton live here?'

"Then they say I must go away, and I say I can't go away. We is so glad you have got it, for we knew it wan't ours.

Then he got up and took hold of Lee's hand as if to go.

"Where do you live?" Roger asked.

"We have no home. Mamma be gone, and we have nowhere to stay."

"Then where are going?"

"Going out, sir."

"Out to sleep in the street?" Roger asked.

"Oh, I don't know; we do if we can't find a place," and the poor boy's voice was full of tears that he was too brave to let fall.

"And you don't know of any place now?"

The child was so choked with sobs that he could not speak.

"Oh, Roger, don't ask them anything more," I said. "I am going to keep them right here in this room all night. I know I can make them comfortable, and to-morrow I will provide for them, for I owe them this and much more."

"I am glad to hear you say that," my brother said. "And hereafter, Belle, I do hope you will remember what it is to suffer."

And this was a happy night's work for me. To see these two smiling faces would have repaid me for my trouble. And Roger and I were so proud of them and so pleased with their pretty ways that when morning came we were not willing to part with them, and decided to keep these two children for our younger brother and sister. There were two of us before, now there are four of us, and we are a happy family.

Dear children, you see the Good Man did take care of these two children, Woolford and Lee; and He will take care of us all if we love Him enough to trust Him.—*The Methodist.*

#### REMARKABLE WHIRLWIND.

A TERRIBLE visitation at Hazel Green Wis., on the 10th of March last, is described in a special despatch to the Chicago Tribune as the result of a collision between two sections of a cloud, which had divided and come together again:

The clouds joined, and a long cylindrical shaft shot down. The cylinder was about 120 feet in circumference and 70 feet in height. It struck the ground a mile southwest of Hazel Green, and, ploughing a furrow 600 feet long, 4 feet wide and several feet deep, seemed to absorb the earth and the rocks. As it moved along in a northeasterly direction, it looked like a clay-colored column—whirling with incredible speed around a central vacuum. It was a solid mass of heavy rubbish. As the cylinder came up the slope, the rush and yell and whirl of the column—sounding like the rush and shrieks of the wind on the sea, and like the thunder of guns—attracted the attention of the people of Hazel Green, and they flocked to their doors and windows. Steadily it came on, sometimes bounding fifty feet into the air, then rushing down again. In two minutes it descended on the little hazel grove just southwest of the town. The trees were snatched up by the roots and whirled ninety feet into the air and supported there.

The cap of the column was a stone 8 feet long, 4 feet wide, three feet thick. This stone was held in its position while the column covered a space of three quarters of a mile. Just between the grove and the town, 250 feet from either the column halted and spun around over a small space, and then commenced its march. The air was filled with the yells and lamentations of the people.

Tearing off a corner of a frame house, the column rose some thirty feet into the air, and then, hovering for an instant, fell perpendicularly upon the roof of the Masonic Hall, a stone building. The structure was mashed flat. This was at half-past four, and a meeting had been called for five o'clock. Half an hour later seventy persons would have been assembled in the upper portion of the building. The next house was of frame, and occupied by Mrs. Richards and her family. A daughter-in-law and her two children were saved by the scantlings above them, while the rest of the family were killed outright. A frying-pan containing three cakes was on the stove, and the frying-pan, still containing the cakes, was found a mile and a half northeast of the village. Twenty-six houses were carried beyond the ken of mortals. Where they went no one can tell. The track of the column is filled with saw-dust and bits of wood, as though a saw-mill had belched out a half-finished lumber yard. The trees for several miles are filled with chairs, bits of furniture, carpet, clothing, bits of window shades, and household materials. Mrs. Looney was sitting in her kitchen. The house disappeared as if touched by the magician's wand, and the crushed body of Mrs. Looney was found 400 feet off, stripped of clothing and with the skin peeled off her back from her neck down.

Of the rest of those killed nothing can be said, beyond that the bodies were found not less than 200 feet from where they started. A boy and girl were found out on the prairie, wandering about helplessly. They were in a house of which no account has been received. They remembered being lifted in the air, and, when found, were nearly a quarter of a mile from where the house used to be, badly bruised and unable to account for their condition. Probably the most remarkable spectacle was that Dr. Kittoe's horses, which with barn, buggy and harness, were lifted 60 feet

into the air, and the horses dropped at least 100 rods from the former site of the barn. The column was then a huge mass of *debris* and a spectator says that the horses went up through the center of the column, whirling around so swiftly that they looked as if torn in pieces. They were found utterly unbruised but stone dead, and not more than 10 or 20 feet apart. The whole affair was over in two minutes, but the devastation was most complete.

THE ONION.

I AM quite ashamed to take people in my garden and have them notice the absence of onions. It is very marked. In onion is strength; and a garden without it lacks of flavor. The onion in its satin wrappings is among the most beautiful of garden vegetables, and it is the only one that represents the essence of thing. It can almost be said to have a soul. You take off coat after coat, and the onion is still there; and, when the last one is removed, who dare say that the onion itself is destroyed, though you can weep over its departed spirit? I know that there is supposed to be a prejudice against the onion, but I think there is rather a cowardice in regard to it.

I doubt not that all men and woman love the onion; but few confess their love. Affection for it is concealed. Good New Englanders are as shy of owning it as they are of talking about religion. Some people have days on which they eat onion—what you might call “treats,” or their “Thursdays.” The act is in the nature of a religious ceremony, an Eleusinian mystery; not a breath of it must be got abroad. On that day they see no company; they deny the kiss of greeting to the dearest friend; they retire within themselves and hold communion with one of the most pungent and penetrating manifestations of the moral vegetable world. Happy is said to be the family which can eat onions together. They are for the time being separate from the world, and have a harmony of aspiration. There is a hint here for the reformers. Let them become apostles of the onions; let them eat and preach it to their fellows, and circulate tracts of it in the form of seeds.

In the onion is the hope of universal brotherhood. If all men will eat onions at all times they will come into a universal sympathy. Look at Italy. I hope I am not mistaken as to the cause of her unity. It was the Reds who preached the gospel which made it possible. All the Reds of Europe, all the sworn devotees of the mystic Mary Ann eat of the common vegetable. Their oaths are strong with it. It is the food also of the common people of Italy. All the social atmosphere of that delicious land is laden with it. Its odor is a practical democracy. In the churches all are alike; there is one faith, one smell. The entrance of Victor Emanuel into Rome was only the pompous proclamation of a unity which garlic had already accomplished; and yet we, who boast of our democracy, eat onions in secret.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

ORIGIN OF THE SPICES.

NUTMEG is the kernel of a small, smooth pear-shaped fruit that grows on a tree in Molucca Islands, and other parts of the East. The trees commence bearing in their seventh year, and continue fruitful until they are seventy or eighty years old. Around the nutmeg, or kernel, is a bright brown shell. This shell has a soft scarlet covering, which, when flattened out and dried, is known as mace. The best nutmegs are solid, and emit oil when picked with a pin. Ginger is the root of a shrub first known in Asia, and now cultivated in the West Indies and Sierra Leone. The stem grows three or four feet high, and dies every year. There are two varieties of ginger, the white and black—caused by taking more or less

are in selecting and preparing the roots, which are always dug in winter, when the stems are withered. The white is the best. Cinnamon is the inner bark of a beautiful tree, a native of Ceylon, that grows from twenty to thirty feet in height, and lives to be centuries old. Cloves—native to Molucca Islands, and so called from resemblance to a nail. The East Indians call them “chang-kek” from the Chinese “Techéngkia,” (fragrant nails.) They grow on a straight smooth-barked tree about forty feet high. Cloves are not fruits, but blossoms gathered before they are quite unfolded. Allspice—a berry so called because it combines the odor of several spices—grows abundantly on the beautiful allspice or bayberrytree, native of South America and the West Indies. A single tree has been known to produce one hundred and fifty pounds of berries. They are purple when ripe. Black pepper is made by grinding the dried berries of a climbing vine native to the East Indies. White pepper is obtained from the same berries, freed from their husk or rind. Red or cayenne pepper is obtained by grinding the scarlet pod or seed-vessel of a tropical plant that is now cultivated in all parts of the world.

MUSIC BY TELEGRAPH.

ONE of the most remarkable inventions in the way of telegraphy was recently exhibited at the office of the Dominion Telegraph Company, at Bradford, Ont. It consists of an apparatus by which musical sounds can be transmitted over telegraph wires, and every word and note be as distinctly heard at the end of the wire as at the place where the music originates. In short, when the invention is in working order, it is held that a concert given at San Francisco can be as plainly heard at New York as at this place.

A second improvement, soon to be exhibited, is that of sending messages, already written out, without the usual telegraph operations, and pictures as well. The plan is to have the messages, already written out, without the usual telegraph operations, and pictures as well. The plan is to have the messages written on shellac-paper, then placed into a machine made for the purpose. It is received at the other terminus on a piece of shellac-paper from a like machine, plainly written, like copper-slate. Pictures, the inventor says, can be perfectly copied by the same process. All this work can be done by boys, and, if put into operation, will do away with telegraph operators altogether.

Still another discovery, which it is claimed can be put into use, is that of transmitting over a single wire any amount of messages to the same point and at the same time. The plan is to have a corresponding number of instruments at the same terminus of the wire, and one of each of these tuned to correspond with one at the other end. By this arrangement the entire number of machines can be operated simultaneously, and each will sound the one tuned to the corresponding pitch at the other end without any one entering with another.

TWENTY DEAF-MUTES CONFIRMED IN PHILADELPHIA.

At St. Stephen's P. E. Church, last evening, confirmation was administered by the Right Rev. Dr. Scarborough, bishop of New Jersey, who has been supplying the place of Bishop Stevens. A class of forty-five was presented by the rector Rev. Dr. Rudder, among the candidates being twenty deaf-mutes, the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet translating the services for them.—*Phila. Times, 30th.*

EVEN a telegraph cable cannot be laid without a great deal of wire-pulling.

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## THE CENTENNIAL GUIDE.

MR. WM. R. CULLINGWORTH, an energetic and active agent in different branches of agency, is now agent for that book which gives information in respect to the Centennial Exhibition, a map accompanying therewith. Deaf-mutes contemplating a visit to Philadelphia will find a copy of the book by addressing him, P. O. Box 2258, Phil., Penn. Price only thirty cents.

## IS IT A SLIGHT TO THE MEMORY OF SEIXAS?

We observe that the Pennsylvania Institution has excellent oil painting portraits of Messrs. Weld, Hutton and Clerc in the Reception Room hung up in memory of their valuable services rendered to the Deaf and Dumb, but neither of them was the founder of that Institution. Does he deserve such memorial on the same foot with the above philanthropists? What is our plea for such excuse?

## PERSONAL.

We would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old schoolmate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which may be of interest.

THE graduates of the Deaf-mute College will be pleased to hear of Mr. Rooks' whereabouts, formerly connected with the College, by finding his interesting letter:

COLDWATER, MICH., March 17, 1876.

MR. EGBERT L. BANGS:

Dear Sir: Your letter of this week is at hand. It is with pleasure I learn of your being present at the Convention here this month. I am engaged in my profession, which is an Artist, and shall take pleasure in showing you some of my work in this city.

You ask me, Mr. Bangs: "What have you been doing year by year since you graduated at Flint?" The two and a half years following I was a student of the Deaf-mute College at Washington, and would have perhaps succeeded better there as a scholar had I never been admitted into the Art Room. But in that room with the German Professor I found the delight of my soul: Oils and Brushes. And after that there was very imperfect rendering of Latin, &c. My algebra problems were an enormity too immense to be overcome and understood. I was reproved by the Faculty.

My good President Gallaudet remonstrated, but in the end advised the study of Art. And the result of all was when I returned I had taken a much larger stock in Art materials than Honorary Degrees. I remained home one year, working out landscape sketches in oil, many of which found ready sale at liberal prices. In the spring of '78 I went over to Jackson, and done my first India-ink work. Three months after, I was in Grand Rapids, where I remained one year, working at inking for photographers, and filling in all leisure time copying in oil from Landseer, copies of which were sold at prices far beyond my expectations.

As I said, I remained in Grand Rapids one year, when my return home was urged by my friends, and here I shall remain in Coldwater, for the present at least. I am working now at portraits in crayon, ink, water-colors, in anything my patrons may desire except oil. That is one step in the ladder I have yet to reach. I have never used oil in facial work. We have just finished a contract with Dr. Beech and the citizens of Coldwater for a portrait of Dr. S. S. Cutler, to be hung in the State School Building. We trust nothing may occur to prevent your attending the Convention when we will submit the work to your examination.

Remember me in all kindness to my school friends who may remain with you. I would say to the pupils of my old home at Flint that our misfortune in the loss of hearing and speech can be in a great degree mitigated by education. And we think, to conquer fame and gain an honorable place in society in spite of these difficulties are indeed praiseworthy. There are always, to all people, many discouragements if determination is lacking, but the "lions are all chained" when there is a will.

Yours, Respectfully,

CHAS. G. ROOKS, in *The Deaf-Mute Mirror*.

BENNIE T. SHAW.

From *The Mute's Chronicle* we clip the following interesting items relating to B. T. Shaw, whose life is a page of intense suffering, beautified with long and loving patience. The want of space only prevents us from inserting the article in full:

"Bennie Shaw is a deaf-mute, now nearly thirty years of age. When about twelve years of age he was sent to the Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, and spent one year in the Institution. Early in the second year at school, he was taken sick, and sent home in an almost helpless condition, since which time he has been entirely bedridden. The year of instruction afforded him by the State has served to beguile the long and weary years during which time he has been confined to bed. The only members of his body not rendered helpless by disease is his left arm and hand. As a pastime or recreation from the study of books and the reading of the current news of the day, he executes copies of pictures, chiefly birds and flowers, with wonderful accuracy and taste. He often copies flowers from nature, drawing and coloring as nearly to nature as art may come. This fact is wonderful in view of his methods. Lying upon his back, his left arm only at his command, he fastens his paper upon a small board; this he supports against the fore-arm with his wrist over the top of the board; and then with his pencil in the fingers of the same hand, he holds the board over his face closely to his eyes (as he is near-sighted); and in this way accomplishes his work.

"The most charming characteristic of Bennie is the heavenly light which, like a halo, illuminates his whole existence. He values his friends only as they are the friends of God. He looks into the future only to see beyond its veils glories of the heavenly world. His face and hand kindle with rapture as they rise to his sight. He longs with an inexpressible earnestness to be released from the body of this death, and yet he is willing to patiently wait, if so his

Father wills. We left his side wondering if we should ever see him more, and, as the door closed and returned us to the busy ways of men, our heart was full of thankfulness for the lesson taught ; of patience in suffering, of diligence amid obstacles ; of Christian hope, serene and buoyant, though confined to a bed of wasting, hopeless disease.

"Dear Bennie, your life has not been wasted. It has abounded in intelligence and Christian graces, and when Jesus shall gather about him the dearest lambs of the fold, to you will it be said, 'They also serve who only wait.'"

#### A TYROLESE LEGEND.

PRECIPICES and glaciers are not the only difficulties that the chamois-hunter has to contend with. Now and then an ugly dwarf or hobgoblin will spring up in their path, and threaten them with destruction. There is a story of a hunter who was waylaid by an irascible little being of this sort, who snappishly demanded of the sportsman what he did up there, killing all the chamois. The hunter pleaded poverty, and justified his conduct by the circumstance that he had a wife and family to feed at home. So that the dwarf told him that if he gave up killing the animals upon the mountains, he should find a fat chamois, already slaughtered, hanging before his door once a week. So the huntsman went home, and, sure enough, when he opened the cottage-door next morning, there hung a fine chamois upon one of the trees. The man was delighted with his good fortune, and for some time lived contentedly upon the food provided for him. But after a while he became tired of nothing, and yearned to spring about the mountains, as before, with his gun. So one morning he bade his wife farewell, and went off to his accustomed hunting-ground. From a jutting rock, upon which he could just balance himself, he spied a plump chamois feeding in a valley below. He steadied himself as well as possible to take aim, when, just as he pressed the trigger the dwarf's laugh was heard behind him, and at the same moment his foot was slipped from the rock, and he fell headlong into the abyss below.

#### TRIBUTE TO ROBERT M. THOMAS.

WHEREAS Mr. Robert M. Thomas has rendered our Society much valuable service while Secretary for a full term and in various ways,

And whereas he discharged his duties of his office with most commendable punctuality and faithfulness, receiving for the same no remuneration beyond the satisfaction of helping forward a worthy cause,

And whereas, circumstances has made his removal from our midst necessary, and consequently the resignation as Vice-President and Trustee, to which office he had been lately been elected, therefore,

*Resolved*, that as a Society, we greatly regret the severing of his official connection with us, and the changes it necessitates ;

*Resolved*, that as a proof of our grateful appreciation of his services, and as a pledge of the continuation of our friendship, we will forward to him a verbatim copy of this document, and will request the publication of the same in all the leading deaf-mute Journals in the Union.

EDWARD P. HOLMES.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

Chicago, Feb. 21, 1876.

A TOURIST who was asked in what part of Switzerland he felt the heat the most replied: "When I was going to Berne."

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

He who has made the acquisition of a judicious and sympathizing friend, may be said to have doubled his mental resources.

"So," said Hood, addressing his gate-keeper, who was very hoarse, "you havn't recovered your voice yet? " No, sir," the man answered. "I've caught a fresh cold." "But why did you catch a fresh one? Why didn't you have the old one cured?"

"WHAT a fine thing it is," said a venerable doctor as he got up from the slippery ice, on which he had violently seated himself the other morning, "that the brains are situated where they are, I never so fully realized the nicety of the arrangements as on this morning, for I should have endangered mine several times had they been in a less elevated position."

BLARNEY.—Tall Yankee (just arrived in the Emerald Isle)—"Guess your legal fare is just sixpence"—Dublin Carman—"Sure, me lord, we take some Chape Jacks at that—but I wouldn't disgrace a gentleman ov your lordship's quality be drivin' him at a mane pace t'rough the public sthreets; so I tuk upon myself to give your lordship a shillin's worth both ov stoyle an' whip-card."

RAILWAY accidents have been so frequent and fatal in England, of late, that Punch proposes that railway tickets should be black-edged, and ornamented with a funeral urn, suggests that all trains might very properly carry an experienced surgeon, and that a proper proportion of ambulances, with all the necessary surgical appliances, should accompany every excursion and express train.

#### INSTITUTION NEWS.

##### NOVA SCOTIA.

ON Thursday last we were visited by a Committee of House of Assembly. On entering the school-room they were presented to an address by one of the pupils. They then visited the different classes, the pupils being put through a number of exercises, Mr. Hutton explaining the various stages of advancement. A few of the boys then gave specimens of the natural sign language to the great amusement of the gentlemen present. The various departments of the building were visited, Mr. Hutton pointing up the various improvements recently made. Before leaving the Chairman wrote on the blackboard "We shall recommend your Institution to the best condition of the Government and have no doubt they will give you as large a grant as they can to enable you to pay off the debt on the Institution; we are all glad to see you all and to observe the great progress you have made since last year in your studies, and trust that you will continue still to preserve and obtain more knowledge."

In the evening Mr. Hutton gave a party to the elder boys and girls and the old pupils residing in the city, which was greatly enjoyed. On Friday evening the little boys were similarly treated, and appeared determined not to be outdone by their elders in enjoying themselves. For these treats the Principal and his good lady have our warmest thanks.

The New Brunswick Legislature have just passed the annual grant of \$1,000 and Prince Edward Island will probably soon vote their annual contribution.

J. W. D.

##### PENNSYLVANIA.

We learn through the report of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, as follows :

The number of pupils at school is about three hundred. The Institution can accommodate about four hundred since it has been much enlarged and many improvements made for school and boarding facilities. Owing to the increase of the number of pupils the corps of teachers has increased to sixteen now, each of whom has a class of about fifteen pupils.

During the past year about forty-one out of three hundred and seventy-nine have been dismissed from school. In that year the Institution sustained a loss of two able faithful teachers; Mr. M. L. Brock, after five years of efficient service with that Institution, returned to the Illinois Institution, with which he had before been connected several years, and the other Mr. Benjamin B. McKinley, after having been connected with the Institution for more than forty years, retired from the profession on the first of October last, with the best wishes as

well as the high respect of his associates. The Board of Directors has set a good example to other Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb by providing a pension for that gentleman during the remainder of his life in token of their appreciation of his services. It is understood that the Directors are decided that the teachers on retiring shall have the same benefit on condition that they teach faithfully to an old age, and had not previously resigned. The physician's report with the principal's show that the health of the Institution has been remarkably good during the past year. Only one died.

The principal presents an interesting history of the foundation of the Institution:

ORIGIN, &c.

BETWEEN fifty and sixty years ago a number of deaf-mute children were frequently seen wandering about the streets in various parts of Philadelphia. To some, whose attention was arrested by their rude gestures and singular grimaces, they were objects of laughter and ridicule; to others of interest and compassion. Though sometimes maltreated and teased for amusement by thoughtless or heartless persons, their mute appeals and extended hands often drew pennies from the pockets, and pity from the hearts of the passers-by. In their homes, such as they were, they doubtless, in most cases, received the sympathy and affection which the condition of afflicted ones is naturally calculated to call forth, yet they were regarded as burdens from which there seemed no hope of relief; while to the citizens generally, they were members of society for the amelioration of whose sad condition no human wisdom or power was supposed to be adequate. There was, however, one man in the city—an Israelite—a humble dealer in crockery-ware, whose little shop was situated on Market Street, somewhere between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets, who did not regard the case of these poor children as entirely hopeless. He had heard something of what had been done for deaf-mutes in Europe, and knew that an Institution for their education had been opened at Hartford, in Connecticut, and one in New York, and had probably read everything that had been published in this country on the subject. From anything that appears to the contrary, this man—his name was David G. Seixas—from motives of pure philanthropy, without hope of fee or reward, picked up several of these children, took them to his house, and from his scanty means, gave them food and clothes, and used other means to win their confidence and friendship and gain an influence over them sufficient to induce them to return to him day after day. He soon succeeded in establishing a mode of communication between himself and his proteges, and with eleven pupils—five boys and six girls—the first school for deaf-mutes in this Commonwealth was begun. This must have been in the latter part of 1819 or early in 1820. Acquainted with the Manual Alphabet only, with no knowledge of any system of instruction, he was obliged to invent his own method, and unaided to meet and overcome the difficulties which constantly met him, as best he could. Seeking no publicity, so far as is known, he unostentatiously, but perseveringly pursued his labor of love, and seems to have met with considerable success. Such a school could not long remain unknown in a city like Philadelphia. In fact it soon became a centre of attraction, and the poor crockery-dealer was regarded as a worker of wonders. Visitors flocked to the school and witnessed the exercises of the children with admiration. Mr. Seixas was fortunate in having among his first scholars a boy of extraordinary aptitude in pantomimic action, and great quickness in learning words and sentences. This was James C. Murtagh, afterwards a teacher in the Institution. To his remarkable power and attainments was largely due the eclat which the school soon obtained.

[Concluded in our next.]

COLLEGE RECORD.

EASTER examination has commenced.

MISS SPRING smiling sweetly and the birds caroling sweetly as we go to press.

MRS. THOMAS H. GALLAUDET is among us again and her numerous friends rejoice in seeing her still in the full enjoyment of health.

THE officers of the Kendall B. B. C. are as follows: President, Michaels, '72; Vice-President, Mann, '80; Secretary, Simpson, '78; Treasurer, Waters, '79; Captain, Michaels, '79; Scorer, Goodman, '80.

MR. MCGREGOR, '72, generously presented his sheet-iron canoe to Tipton. Mr. Draper has sold his canoe to Hazlett, of the Preps. The boys are going to try "for to see" if they cannot shoot the rapids of the Little Falls.

The Reading Club has the following officers for the ensuing term: President, George, '76; Vice-President, Sparrow, '77; Secretary, Simpson, '78; Treasurer, Hazlett, Prep.; Librarian, Mann, '80; Assistant Librarian, Goodman, '80.

On the 31st of March the Committee on Public Buildings paid the Institution a visit, and dined with the officers and students. After dinner all adjourned to the Chapel, and several students were called upon to exhibit their mental progress in spontaneous speeches. Not used to being marshalled before the public, quaking knees and long-faces were the first indications of intellectual development.

SPRING-FEVERS are of various kinds. The most fashionable fever of spring is *enamel*. Symptoms of a very different nature is breaking out among the students. We will call it *boatism*. The only serious result so far came off as T. and W. were skimming down the East Branch of the Potomac, with a breeze—as *fieble* as a young girl's fancy—puffing athwart their starboard. A sudden puff carried W's sail away and over he went. Fortune judiciously landed him in a shallow place, otherwise he would have been drowned and eaten up by eels before his not very solicitous friend discovered the mishap and came to his rescue.

HE is a worthy and promising young man, but he is modest. He had read a chapter of interest and would know more of the subject. Unfortunately the book he sought was not to be found in the college. He went to the Congressional Library and inquired for it. They hauled down two musty and ponderous French tomes, and as he opened them a deep blush mounted his classic forehead. He knew no more of French than he did of Hebrew. In consideration, however, that the Librarian was gazing sternly at him, he drew out his tablet, and for two mortal hours dotted down various notes, (or appeared to do so) and studied the mystic pages with absorbing attention. Where, oh where is the dignity of the Sophomore Class!

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE committee on erecting in the Centennial ground the bronze statue of Dr. Witherspoon are now making a vigorous appeal to Presbyterian ministers to give each \$1, in order to pay the \$8,500 yet due on the statue.

Religious work finds a prosperous field in Melbourne Australia. Eleven hundred and forty young persons were confirmed in St. Paul's Church, in this city, on the occasion of the recent visit of Dr. Thornton, Bishop of Ballarat.

"A Lenten Cookery Book" has just been published in London. The author says in the preface that its 200 recipes "have been brought from the Continent, her object being to provide a variety of dishes for use during seasons of abstinence."

A Bible Dictionary has been completed by Mrs. Mather, a missionary at Mirzapore, India. It is in the Hindoo language, and contains nearly seven hundred articles, illustrated with 150 wood cuts. The missionaries in India expect to find it very useful among their converts.

A company is about starting a great farming enterprise in the foot hill between Marysville and Smartville, Cal., where they have in a body 1,700 acres of orange land. Orchards of orange trees, English walnuts, almonds, and pecans will be laid out, and much ground devoted to wheat, clover, alfalfa and sheep raising.

The Congregationalists of Boston are winning for some pious and liberal Christians like the Bucknell and Crozer families of Philadelphia, who paid the debt of the new Baptist Publication House. The magnificent new Congregational establishment is largely burdened with debt, and its friends know not in what direction to look for relief.

A new mission church just completed on one of the islands of Micronesia has walls 14 feet high and 4 feet thick, built of solid blocks of coral. The carrying of the large blocks from the reef to the place of building, required the labor of 55 men. The men slung the blocks to long poles, and bore the poles on their shoulders. The island received its first preacher only two years ago.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are three times as many ministers as can find regular ministerial work to do, the Presbyterian of Brooklyn has just licensed three more young men, and other Presbyteries are doing the same in proportion. As soon as a desirable church loses its pastor by death or resignation, from two dozen to a hundred candidates are anxious for the place. It may be presumed therefore that some of these young men will starve unless they have rich wives or other means of pecuniary support.

Brother Moody deals some very hard blows at church fairs, and declares that whenever the church people gather at a fair the devil comes too, and has a busy time. He declares his views with such jolly good humor that they are not offensive, as they might otherwise be, to some of his best friends. It is a well known fact that some of the churches both in this city and in Brooklyn, which gave Mr. Moody the most hearty assistance, are those which are the most given to fairs, festivals and entertainments. Especially is this so in Brooklyn.

A farmer who profited by experience writes:—"In building a new barn, I would study to put in all the windows I could possibly get in, of course not making a greenhouse of it, but as many as most folks put into dwelling houses. It is so much better doing the work in a light barn than in a dark one, cattle are more easily taken care of, and are more quiet and better contented in light place than in a dark one."

There is talk among the Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed churches of Brooklyn about the need of consolidation. There are several heavy mortgaged and half-filled churches, which might be consolidated to advantage. The number of churches is not so great for the population, for there are more people than ever in the vicinity of these dying churches. The trouble is that the ministers do not attract the people.

After many attempts to save Dr. Hepworth's church building, its sale is announced to take place in about a week. The congregation have not been able to raise enough money to buy it in, and therefore they will have to move it to other quarters, unless they shall be able to rent the property of its new purchasers. There has been a steady revival in the church for some time past, and about 125 new converts are recorded as its fruit.

A magnificent piece of Christian liberality is the gift by Mrs. Osborne, of Cozzens Hotel property at West Point, for a home to convalescents from the New York hospitals. The sick people who are getting better will now be able to enjoy the comforts of a delightful home, with healthful atmosphere and delightful scenery, and all at the cost of forty cents a day which is less than one-tenth of what it used to cost to stay there when the place was used as a hotel.

When Lord Clive wrote to Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination assuring him that if he came to London he would earn £10,000 a year, Jenner replied: "Shall I, who even in the morning of my days sought the lowly and sequestered paths of life in the valley, and not the mountain, shall I, now my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and fame? Admitting it as a certainty that I obtain both, what shock should I add to my little fund of happiness? And as for fame, what is it? A gilded butt, forever pierced with the arrows of malignancy."

A market woman, well known as "Mother Mars," died recently in Paris at the age of ninety-seven years, in the Rue St. Dennis, where she had lived for fifty years. She was the daughter of the Marquis de Juxta-Nauts, who was guillotined during the reign of terror, and of Madame de la Lotte-Valois, whose history is told in the story of the "Queen's Necklace." One of the spectators at the Marquis's execution, a fisherwoman, took pity on the fatherless child and adopted her. At her death she left her a snug fortune and her stall. Mother Mars, though said to have been handsome in her youth, was never married. She was of robust figure, was a great favorite with the market people and a good character.

John Quincy Adams was waited upon by a person who informed him that a pamphlet of "charges" intended for his destruction had been written and printed, but was not yet published; that the copyright was worth about five thousand dollars, and the whole thing could be hushed up by paying the intending publisher the value of his copyright, and that no copy of it had yet gone out of the publisher's hands. Mr. Adams told his benevolent visitor that as to the last assertion, he knew it to be false, for he already had a copy of the pamphlet himself; that as to his receiving a nomination from the anti-Masons, he expected nothing of the kind, "but, however, that might be," he added. "I would not give one dollar to suppress anything that any human being can publish of me, true or false." He heard no more of the matter, and the pamphlet never was published. We agree with the *Times* reviewer, who adds that "similar boldness might have saved many a public man, in politics and in literature, from great distress."

The London *Christian World* give a hard account of the way in which the London Missionary Society has managed its mission work among the heathen of New Guinea and the adjacent islands. Some of the missionaries have been found by British voyagers in almost starved condition on Torres Strait Islands, "left alone to fight a losing battle against famine, sickness want of knowledge of the languages required, and the contempt and hostility of fierce Papuan heathen." At Bampton Island two teachers and their wives had been left for some months without supplies, and had at last been murdered by the natives. At Jarvis Island the missionaries were found with their available resources reduced to twelve pounds of salt meat. These missionaries were living principally on the charity of the pearl fishing heathen whom they had gone to convert, and, of course, were not able to exert much influence toward their conversion. The leaving of defenseless missionaries in such straits naturally awakened much indignation, when the mismanagement was found out at headquarters. A wealthy lady has sent out a missionary steamer for a service among the South Sea Islands, and there is reason to hope that no more missionaries will be left in the church by people who are supposed to be praying for them at home.

JOHN BANISTER, the comedian, was presented to an old lady proud of ancient and noble blood. The lady asked a wit of the day, who were present, "Who are the Banisters? Are they of a good family?" "Yes," said the wit, "very good indeed; they are closely connected with the Stairs." "Oh," said the lady, "a very ancient family of Ayrshire—dates back to 1450; I am delighted to see your friend."

A BLACKSMITH was once summoned to a county court as a witness in a dispute between two of his workmen. The judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the costs had amounted to three times the disputed sum. replied, "I told the fools to settle; for I said the clerk would take their coats, the lawyer their skirts, and if they got into your honor's court you'd skin 'em."

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